

388. SONNETS. PA R THE WO  
PHIL [, |<sub>a</sub>

SONNET LXXXIV.



'Y SWEET PARTHRNOPHB<sup>9</sup>! within thy face\*  
My Passions<sup>9</sup> Calendar may plain be read !  
The Golden Number told upon thine head !  
The Sun days (which in card, I holy place,  
And which divinely bless me with their  
grace)  
Thy cheerful Smiles, which can recall the  
dead !  
My Working days, thy Frowns, from favours  
fled !  
Which set a work the furies in my breast.  
These days are six to one more than the  
rest.  
My Leap Year is (0 when is that Leap Year ?)  
When all my cares I overleap, and feast  
With her, fruition ! whom I hold most dear.  
And if some Calendars, the truth tell me ;  
Once in few years, that happy Leap shall be !

SONNET L X X X V ,



jjRoM East's bed rosy, whence AURORA  
riseth; Be thy cheeks figured, which  
their beams display In smiles! whose  
sight mine heart with joy sur-  
pnseth;  
And which my Fancy's flowers do fair array,  
Cleared with the gracious dews of her regard.  
The West, whence evening comes; her  
frowning brow, Where Discontentment ploughs  
his furrows hard ! (There doth She bury her  
affections now !) The North, whence storms  
with mists and frosts proceed; My black  
Despair! long Sorrows ! and cold Fear ! The  
South, whence showers, in great abundance  
breed, And where hot sun doth to meridian  
rear; My Eyes, whose object nought but tears  
require! And my soft Heart, consumed with  
rage of fire!